COMMERCE.

A

POEM.

By Mr. CORN^{S}. ARNOLD.

The SECOND EDITION.

——Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit natura locis. VIRG.

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MDCCLI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

COMMERCE, a POEM;

Which was addreſſed to

HIS Late ROYAL HIGHNESS,

And now inſcribed to the

MEMORY

OF THAT

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE.

The ARGUMENT.

Exordium on the PRINCE. *Invocation on* Commerce. *Her Effects. A Fleet fitted out. Bay of* Biſcay *deſcrib'd. Compared with the* Iriſh *Sea. Voyage to the* Atlantic, *to* Africa, *to the* Streights, *the* German *Ocean, to* Ruſſia. *Encomium on* Peter the Great, *Czar of* Muſcovy. *Tranſition to* Dover. *To* London. *Encomium on Queen* Elizabeth. *Effects of Perſecution. Reflections on it. Deſcription of the* Royal Exchange. *Character of the benevolent Merchant. Applied to ſome Gentlemen. Encomium on his preſent* MAJESTY. *Digreſſion on Liberty, and her Effects. Digreſſion on* Italy. *Conſequences of Bigotry and arbitrary Power. Digreſſion on* Spain. *Effects of falſe Pride. Digreſſion on* France *and* Louis XIV. Richlieu *and* Fleury *compared. Application to* Britain. *Digreſſion on* Holland, *and the Effects of* Commerce *there. Reflection on* Britain, *and the* Britiſh *Fiſhery. Encomium on Alderman* Janſſen. *The Muſe's Prayer. Digreſſion on Happineſs. Encomium on the* PRINCE *and* PRINCESS. *Application to* PRINCE GEORGE. *With an Eulogy on his late* ROYAL HIGHNESS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

COMMERCE.

WHILE You, Great Sir, BRITANNIA's riſing [Hope,
Great in benevolence, ſuperior far
To all the trophies of the ſanguine field,
Purſue each plan, each generous deſign,
To bleſs mankind, and happineſs diſpenſe;
Thus ſings the muſe---Not dazzl'd with the glare
Of glory, pomp, or acclamation loud;
Mean, when compar'd to the ecſtatic joy
Which FREDERICK feels, when thouſands croud around,

To bleſs the bounteous hand--No ſlaviſh Bard
Now makes his court by adulation vile,
Nor ſings a language foreign to his heart:
Tranſcendent merit prompts the willing Muſe
To blend thy praiſes with commercial arts,
Arts which ſhe loves--Arts which ſhe boaſts are thine.

Hail, COMMERCE! friendly, univerſal ſource!
Of all that's great, magnificent, or good;
Of all that Voyager romantic tells
Of INDIA's wealth---or Virtuoſo dreams
Of philoſophic ſtone---oft vainly ſearch'd
In chymic Proceſs, when the heated brain
Of Alchymiſt boils o'er, and 'fore him riſe
Mountains of gold---vain viſionary ſhades!
The ſubſtance thine, O Commerce! thine the art
To make the treaſure of each world thine own:

Great

Great Emblem of the ſun! whoſe genial rays
Refreſh the earth, whoſe influence benign
Gladdens all nature with luxuriant ſmiles;
Nor leſs THOU cheer'ſt the habitable globe,
Whoſe ſons with mirth and ruddy vigour glow,
Whoſe joy-fluſh'd cheek betokens thou art there:

ALBION! to HER thou ow'ſt thy preſent fame,
Thy ſtately buildings, and thy villas grand,
Thy peopled cities, and thy numerous towns,
Which riſe promiſcuous, pleaſing to the ſight,
Thick as the ſhocks of corn on field new reap'd;
To HER th' unrivall'd Empire of the Main,
Whoſe lordly Waves with glad Submiſſion crouch,
And lay their Treaſures at BRITANNIA'S Feet;

See! the gay Fleet to various ports conſign'd,
Various their freight--rich Induſtry at helm
Smiles on the jovial Crew, joyous they ſpread
The bellying canvas to th' impelling Wind,
Traverſe each Pole, and diſtant worlds explore;
Nor TORRID ZONE, nor FRIGID, bound their courſe.

Theſe, dauntleſs, brave the wide BISCAYAN Bay,
Well known to Mariners for boiſt'rous wave,
And ſwell of ſurges vaſt--an horrid Vale!
The liquid Mountains rear their tow'ring heads,
And bellow anarchy in hideous roar;
Swol'n with diſdain and proud contemptuous ſcorn
Of boundary firm ſet--they foam with Rage,
And threat th' affrightned Sky with bold Uſurp:
Yet are thy ſeas more ſafe than thoſe which laſh
The ragged coaſts of rough HIBERNIA's ſhore;

Oft ſeen in vain--oft has the greedy Eye
Of mariner devour'd thy hill--O HOATH! †
Ah! never ſhall he reach THY friendly ſhore,
Ah! never tread THY hoſpitable land:
See! every plank convulſive tremor feels,
In cruel conflict with th' inſulting Foe,
Till bulging ſeas decide the dreadful ſtrife.

Some the ATLANTIC plough, PACIFIC call'd,
Tho' oft the loud-tongu'd waves contentious brawl,
In uproar wild--Onward they ſteer their courſe,
To AFRIC's parched clime, whoſe ſooty Sons,
Thro' rage of civil broils--hard Deſtiny!
Forc'd to the EASTERN or the WESTERN IND,
In ſlavery drag the galling chain of Life.

† *Hoath*—a hill well known, at the entrance of the bar of *Dublin*.

Theſe paſs the STREIGHTS, coaſting the TUSCAN [ſhore 70
To ſea-born VENICE, or the proud LEVANT:
Delicious Voyage! whoſe variegated ſcenes
Strike with freſh wonder, and a new delight.

The GERMAN Ocean thoſe, where BOREAS rough,
Bracing the nerves with ſtrength, hardens to Toil 75
The nations of the NORTH; leaving the SOUND,
O'er BALTIC Seas, they viſit RUSSIA's Sons;
A rude, uncultivated, rugged Race,
Till ſmooth'd by Commerce, rear'd by PETER's hand,
GREAT PETER! who forſook th' imperial throne 80
To teach his people arts unknown before.
Say, Muſe--what is't to brave the world in arms;
This ALEXANDER, CHARLES, and CÆSAR did,
Mighty deſtroyers! ravagers at large!

Once

Once heav'n-commiſſion'd Scourges of mankind!
'Gainſt THEE! in truth's eternal balance weigh'd,
How does the ſcale fly up, and kick the beam!
How light to THEE! who taught the ſocial arts,
And made man mild, and ſociable to man:
This mighty work for YOU reſerv'd, great CZAR!
Unequall'd Man! who tam'd the ſavage mind,
Chipt off th' incruſted Diamond's rougher coat,
New ſet its native luſtre full to view;
By Commerce YOU bid PETERSBURGH ariſe,
Great Miſtreſs of the NORTH, whoſe brilliant Court
Rivals in ſplendour *Europe*'s grand VERSAILLES.

But whither would the Muſe tranſport me?--far
O'er endleſs tracts of congregated Snow--
Adieu! theſe frozen worlds-- our native Clime
Demands us--Lo! what ſea-bleach't Cliffs are thoſe?

White

White as the ſheep new ſhorn--DOVER! they're thine,
O ALBION! whence thy name--which from the Beach
Riſe dreadfully majeſtic--Semblance fit
Of thy ſuperior ſway, and height of Rule!
What do I ſee!--what thoſe aſpiring domes!
Hail! fair † AUGUSTA, Miſtreſs of the world!
Thy fav'rite, Commerce, here has fix'd her throne,
Here holds her Reign ſupreme--long may SHE reign!
Triumphantly, as erſt when ENGLAND'S Queen,
ELIZABETH! renown'd for arts and arms,
BRITANNIA ſway'd--both loving and belov'd--
A more than match for thy Armada, SPAIN!
'Twas She receiv'd thee, Commerce, when expell'd
The NETHERLANDS by D'ALVA'S tyranny,
Whilſt vanquiſh'd Liberty reveng'd her Cauſe
On haughty PHILIP, quitting BELGIA'S ſhore,

† *Auguſta—London* ſo called.

Brought

Brought with Her here the welcome golden Fleece,
A mine of wealth ſurpaſſing thine, PERU!
Effect moſt juſt of Perſecution vile!

Thus may Oppreſſion, Cruelty, and Luſt
Of Pow'r, however couch'd in pious terms
Of INQUISITION HOLY!--ACTS OF FAITH!
Thus ever may they thrive--Good GOD! that e'er
Thy Creature rational ſhould ſteel his breaſt
'Gainſt Natures Voice!--thy Image thus invert!

Is there a crime on earth, which calls aloud
For Wrath uncommon, and ſevereſt Ire?
Tho' tardy vengeance dozing ſeems to ſleep,
Sure it is Cruelty—true fiend of Hell!
When awful cloath'd in mild Religion's dreſs,
Feaſting on blood in horrid maſſacre;

White as the ſheep new ſhorn--DOVER! they're thine,
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Feaſting on blood in horrid maſſacre;

Tremble at this—Ye Tyrants of the earth!
THUS T' INSULT your God, and call it, PIETY!
Monſtrous to thought! Let's quit the gloomy ſcene.

Lo! GRESHAM'S noble ſtructure, ROYAL call'd,
Reſort of Merchants! venerable Pile!
Where various nations of the peopled earth
Tranſact the Bus'neſs of the buſtling Globe;
Here the furr'd RUSSIAN, and the turban'd TURK,
The trowſer'd DUTCHMAN, and the buſkin'd SWEDE,
The plain, rough GERMAN, the ITALIAN ſoft,
The ſlow, grave SPANIARD, and the FRENCHMAN gay:
A world in miniature! Sight moſt pleaſing!
Nothing articulate thro' the buzzing crowd--
BABEL of melody! harmonious Diſcord!
Sweeter than Airs by HANDEL's genius ſung--

What

What glowing Tranſport heaves th'enraptur'd Breaſt,
Who can ſurvey this little WORLD around,
With friendly eye, and univerſal Love;
Whoſe open face the Image of his heart,
Stranger to dark and ſiniſter deſigns,
Can ſmile on All benevolently good,
And in each Man can read his BROTHER there;
Such is the Merchant, who with generous views
Greatly anticipates the want of Thouſands,
Extending Commerce but the more to bleſs:
Such BARNARD, BETHEL, AMYAND and VAN NECK—
Great Sons of Liberty! rich Queen of Arts!
Whoſe Bliſs-diffuſive hand makes ALBION ſmile:
ALBION! where Plenty, Peace, and buxom Joy,
Led on by GEORGE, alternate revels hold;
Where Property's enjoy'd—where Mercy, Truth,

Together

Together met--proclaim a BRUNSWICK reigns;
Where *Liberty* and GUELPH in glorious league,
Go hand in hand to guard their mutual Care.

Fair LIBERTY! the *Venus* of this iſle!
Where VULCAN Induſtry, when cheer'd by THEE,
Works ev'ry Nerve, nor deems the toil ſevere:
Abſent--thy Daughter Commerce ſoon would droop,
And happieſt lands become a dreary Waſte.

O ITALY! delightful, beauteous ſpot!
Couldſt thou but boaſt her gentle golden Reign,
How bleſt were YOU! but fate denies too much;
Nature with laviſh hand exuberant,
On thee has pour'd her ſweets, profuſely kind!
Thrice happy land! where ARNO's ſilver ſtream
Glides gently thro' t'enrich the fertile glebe;

Fertile,

Fertile, alas! in vain, while papal power
And ſlaviſh bigotry depreſs the mind;
While lordly ſway, and arbitrary Rule,
Eat up the labour of the hungry Hind
Toiling in vain--well may'ſt Thou mourn thy lands
Uncultivated, and thy fields forlorn.
With too great happineſs unbleſt--ſo SPAIN,
Curſt with the treaſures of the INDIAN world,
Supine and ſlothful, thro' affected Pride,
Boaſting Gentility, neglected Trade,
And all was ſplendid Poverty at beſt.

Such was IBERIA, when CERVANTES roſe
To ridicule the foible of his Age:
Immortal QUIXOTT! worthy better fate,
NEGLECT, too oft the Pay of great deſert,
Diſdaining NOW the fetters of falſe pride,

They rouſe to Arts, and Manufactures raiſe--
Fetters! which long oppreſs'd thee, FRANCE! while
Of monarchy brought low thy GRAND MONARQUE--
RICHLIEU by politicks made thy name rever'd,
Mighty in arms, and dreaded thro' the World;
But FLEURY roſe, great Miniſter, and good!
Sav'd THEE, when almoſt ſunk, by fine wrought ſchemes,
By Commerce rais'd THEE to an envy'd height:
Thy ſons ſoon caught the Flame, and now their Ships,
Extending wide their traffick o'er the Deep,
Bid fair to conquer the EUROPEAN World;

BRITAIN! the World's in arms--more dreadful arms,
Than hoſtile ſword, or the loud cannon's Roar;
PACIFIC ARMS! which levell'd at thy Trade,
Thy Baſis ſhake--'tis time to take the alarm,
By Induſtry ſuperior to ariſe;

By

By honeſt councils, and true patriot zeal,
To cheriſh Commerce, and extend her ſway.

Commerce! moſt ſov'reign Power! BATAVIA tell
How SHE of erſt retriev'd thy State diſtreſt;
Strong, inconteſted proof that SHE could raiſe
The loweſt ſtates 'bove kingdoms of the Earth:
Well is it known how thy petition ran,
Addreſs'd to great ELIZA, ALBION's Queen;
ELIZA heard--AMBOYNA be forgot--
The Error of thy Reign, PACIFIC JAMES!
BRITONS! regard her with a Siſter's eye,
But ſcorn ſupplanting by a Siſter's hand:
Remember oft your Mother's drooping years
Demand no leſs your pious care--ſhe mourns
Her Northern coaſts, environ'd all around

With alien † BUSSES, and a ſpurious Brood:
What means this indolence? this Lethargy?
Thus to neglect the treaſure of the Seas--

BRITANNIA! mourn no more--thy JANSSEN, ſee!
Extends his ready hand to raiſe *Thee* up;
JANSSEN! whoſe Head is cool to form the ſcheme,
As warm his Heart to execute the plan;
Patriot approved! in all may YOU ſucceed--

If ought avails the Muſe's humble prayer,
Greatly ſollicitous for her Country's good--
Hear me, propitious Heaven! BRITANNIA guard,
Direct her councils, and extend her Trade;
Save her alike from miniſterial Pow'r,
And Patriotiſm falſe--give to her Nobles

† *Buſſes*—Veſſels uſed in the Herring Fiſhery.

Zeal

Zeal to aſſert her rights--her ſons inſpire
With love of induſtry and nervous toil;
Aſſiſt her fav'rite Infant at its birth,
The BRITISH FISHERY--oh! rear it up
With hand benign, bring it to growth mature,
So in return ſhall Thouſands bleſs thy Name.

Lo! BRITAIN's Genius riſing to her aid,
FREDERICK vouchſafes to lead the glorious † Van
Of brave advent'rers in the grand attempt:
PATRON OF ARTS! YOU ever foremoſt ſtand,
In each deſign to benefit Mankind;
Teach us from THEE to prize commercial arts,
Teach us benevolence, ſo ſhall we be bleſt,
So learn wherein true Happineſs conſiſts.

† Elected Governor of the *Britiſh Fiſhery*.

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But what is HAPPINESS? 'tis not to wear
The ermin'd robe, the mitre, or the crown;
Many have wore theſe--alas! how wretched!
It is Benevolence--offspring of Heav'n!
With this compar'd all qualities are droſs,
Mere tinkling cymbals, and an empty ſound:
An * HOUGH, a † BOLTER, ‡ WARHAM, and a § MORE,
Who ſent their wealth ambaſſadours to Heav'n,
Knew what it was full well--immenſely bleſt!

Theſe are but Foils to You, ILLUSTRIOUS SIR!
How ſhall I paint the condeſcenſion great,
When princely dignity vouchſav'd to ſtoop
The callous palm of Artiſan to greet!

* *Hough*—late Biſhop of *Worceſter*.
† *Boulter*—late Primate of all *Ireland*.
‡ *Warham*—Archbiſhop and Chancellor in the Reign of *Henry* VIII.
§ *More*—Sir *Thomas More*—Chancellor in the Reign of *Henry* VIII.

When

When thro' your ‡ weſtern tour, with lib'ral Hand,
In pleaſure's cup, humanity You mixt,
And ſerv'd it round--all was tumultuous Joy!
When bleſt * CORINIUM hail'd You as You paſt.

LONDON! how great thy triumph! truly great,
More than when CHARLES his pompous Entry made,
By MONK attended thro' the crowded ſtreets--
Day leſs auſpicious! than when thy FREDRICK
Late deign'd to viſit thy † remoteſt Parts;
To raiſe the poor Mechanic's drooping heart
By free acceſs--and princely converſe mixt
With friendly Talk of *Looms* and *Warps* and *Woofs*,
Arts worthy of a Prince, the FRIEND OF TRADE!
Nor leſs, AUGUSTA, did THY Preſence charm!

‡ Alluding to the Prince's Journey laſt Summer.
* *Corinium*—*Cirenceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*.
† Alluding to the Prince and Princeſs going to *Spitalfields*.

Hail!

Hail! gen'rous FREDERICK and AUGUSTA mild!
In whom the ſocial virtues all unite,
To deal out bleſſings to the human Race,
Whoſe ready offices out-run the Woe,
And the Heart dictates e'er it reach the Ear.

THEE the DELIGHT, the TITUS of Mankind:
Thy eldeſt Hope, MARCELLUS, will ariſe,
And add new Glories to the BRUNSWICK Line.

1 AP 57

F I N I S.

EULOGY

ON

His late ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK Prince of *Wales.*

THO' ſable Dreſs, exterior pomp of Show,
Tho' outward Forms point out the inward Woe,
They're oft fallacious—emblematic Art!
FREDERICK's *engrav'd on every* BRITISH *Heart*;
Beloved Shade! for THEE the Muſes mourn,
For THEE the Graces pendent o'er thy Urn:
O! THOU wert *Great*--in Virtue's Intereſt warm,
And Arts and Science leant upon thine Arm:
Thy willing gates on Hinge obſequious turn'd,
To welcome in the Traveller who mourn'd;

Thy Hand was open, as thy Heart was free,
And meek affliction found a Friend in THEE;
O! may young GEORGE thy glorious Footſteps tread,
We'll love HIM living, as we mourn THEE dead;
May Fate prolong!—e'er HE adorn the Throne,
And make his Father's Virtues all his own;
With thoſe emblazon'd, may HE Regal ſhine;
His Robe, BENEVOLENCE, which alas! was THINE.

1 AP 57

F I N I S.